

SERIAL STORY

The Women's Candidate

By BYRON WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedright, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him to do the bidding of one of their number each day for ten days. A legislative measure opposing woman suffrage, which dropped from the mayor's pocket, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls. His first day of service is with May Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest. Miss Vining sees what she considers a clandestine meeting between one of the girls and the mayor. The next day he goes driving with Mabel Arney. They meet with an accident, are arrested and locked up, but escape. The mayor returns to the hotel, finds the sheriff waiting for him, and takes refuge in the room of Miss Winters. He plans to get possession of the Incriminating bill. With Harriet Brooks the mayor goes to investigate an Indian mound. They are caught in a thunder storm.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"I'm afraid," almost sobbing. The mayor put his arm about her gently, soothing her as only a tactful man may soothe a nervous woman. Unconsciously she drew toward him. "Lightning seems terrible," he said evenly, "but as a matter of fact there is always more danger on the cars. Statistics prove—" "What's that?" cried the woman, apprehensively. "I heard a voice." The mayor peered out. "The sheriff!" he muttered under his breath. Three men were running toward them on the beach, their heads down, ducking the rain. Scrambling from under the boat, Mayor Bedright set off at top speed up the beach, pausing at the start long enough to whisper. "I'll be back. Wait." The sheriff and his two deputies, weathering the gale with lowered eyes, had not seen the mayor's flight. In fact, so blinded were their eyes that they ran almost into the girl and the boat before they could stop. "Hello!" bawled the sheriff. "You're from Squirrel Inn, ain't ye? Where's yer beau?" bluntly. "We're lookin' fer him." Miss Brooks drew her feet back under her skirt and replied coldly: "One of the best ways to find a man," wistfully, "is to go where he is."

The sheriff's chest shot out immediately. "Now, look-a-here, young lady, some of your smartness or we'll take you along for accessory before the act. Understand?" blustering. "You are wasting your time trying to bully me," replied the girl, without a tremor in her voice. "I am perfectly harmless and I have told you all I know. The man has gone up the beach."

"Aw, come on, Sid," broke in a slender young fellow, turning his back to the rain. "What the use of arguin' with th' gal? She ain't th' one we had yesterday."

Without a word the sheriff veered around the boat and, following the fast fading trail, set out in haste after Bedright. Fifteen minutes later the mayor came up from the opposite direction.

"I am sorry, Miss Brooks," he said, sorrowfully, "but I'm afraid you'll get wet after all. We've got to get away from here! I circled around and found the boat these fellows left. I set it adrift with a gale blowing it across the lake, but they are not far behind. We must get under way as soon as possible."

"I don't mind a soaking," replied the young woman, bravely. "It's the lightning that frightens me—and that's about quit."

The man righted the dory hurriedly, tilted in their belongings and set the boat from the shore with a sturdy shove. A half mile below, on the beach, he caught sight of three men running toward them—and far away on the wave-whipped lake, a tiny dot of brown could be seen rising and falling as it scudded before the wind. It was the sheriff's row boat.

"Sleeping out of doors," said the mayor, smiling at the woman opposite, "is very beneficial to the lungs—especially on an island."

CHAPTER VIII.

When the waves are running freely it is a stiff pull from Mine Host's select little hotel in the Wisconsin woods to Glen Island, but on a perfect moonlight night, with just breeze sufficient to ripple the fair hair of a pretty girl opposite, the man at the oars seldom finds the task arduous. Nor did Mayor Bedright complain. The running ripple slapped the prow of the boat rhythmically and from the shadows along the approaching shore of the island the weird hoot of an owl

proclaimed the witchery of the night. With a scarcely perceptible tilt, the boat grounded on the shelving sandy shore. Bedright sprang out and pulled the craft further upon its cushioned anchorage. The girl sat in the boat, intently watching the mayor. That gentleman took from the locker a basket well laden. Quickly gathering some dry wood, he stacked it over a bunch of tinder-like weeds, touched a match to the pile, set the basket at a safe distance and pulling a revolver from his pocket, fired in the general direction of the moon.

Having maneuvered thus peculiarly, he hastened back to the boat, shoved off and rowed from the shore a hundred yards. Resting on his oars, he let the boat toss idly upon the lake. Five, ten minutes passed. The dry wood burned brightly, making a beacon of light, into the circle of which there came, at last, three shadows, followed by unintelligible conversation.

"They've found it," said the mayor, picking up his oars and turning the boat toward the hotel.

It was midnight when the sides of the craft rubbed its sister boats at Mine Host's dock. The mayor and the girl crept softly up the winding pathway toward the hotel. Suddenly, in the moonlight ahead, the form of a woman appeared advancing to meet them. The mayor and the girl saw her simultaneously. He stopped instantly with a restraining hand upon the girl's arm.

"Quick!" he commanded, springing in front of his companion and turning her about face. "Walk rapidly down the path to the boathouse."

She complied instantly. Over his shoulder the mayor saw the woman hesitate, then follow determinedly through the shimmering moonlight.

"Go into the boathouse," directed Bedright hurriedly. "Wait until I engage her in conversation. Then open the rear door and run for the hotel. And be quiet!"

"I understand," whispered the girl, excitedly.

Slipping through the door, she closed it softly. Pulling a cigar from his pocket, the mayor scratched a match on the sole of his shoe and blew a puff of smoke at the same target which earlier in the evening he had failed to hit with his leavening missile.

The woman rounded the corner and came directly toward him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bedright," said "Judge" Vining in a cold, formal voice, "for following you, but as chaperone of the young ladies at the hotel I feel that it was my duty to do so."

The mayor bowed. "Duty to the one performing it," he interrupted gallantly, "is oftentimes irksome, but begrudgingly done frequently conveys pleasure to another. I do not desire to appear selfish in your eyes, but I find your duty pleases me greatly," bowing again. "Now, the moonlight—"

The "Judge" made a deprecating gesture.

"Do not attempt to evade," she warned. "I am deeply in earnest. Where is the—the—" She seemed at a loss to proceed. Finally she threw diplomacy to the winds. "Who was the girl with you—alone—at this hour of the night? I have a right to know and I—had thought you a gentleman, though I should have known that no gentleman would have—have—" she finished lamely.

"Kissed you?" questioned the mayor, the frivolity scarcely gone from his voice.

"Certainly!" she flashed. Bedright puffed thoughtfully at his cigar, the fragrant pungency of the

question, Mr. Bedright," she continued. "Who was the girl that came down the path with you?"

The man drew closer to her. The discrepancy was gone from his voice. His face was earnest.

"Miss Vining, you have inferred that I am guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. A few mornings ago you ran after me in a spirit of mischief, and in the same spirit I caught you in my arms and kissed you. If I have hurt you I am sincerely sorry, but I, too, am reaping the fruit of folly. You have chosen to arm yourself with a distant demeanor toward me, you rebuff my attempts at entering the circle of your real self, you are "Judge" both on and off the bench, distant, suspicious, haughty. You pursued me; I took toll. With your permission I promise to forget that you ran, but I cannot forget that I kissed you. I am not a boy. I have seen some of the world. I do not know much about love. I have been too busy trying to do something, to fall in love, or else I never



Alice Mason.

have happened to meet the woman. Since coming here I don't know exactly what sort of an enchantment I have entered—but I do know that I cannot forget the ecstasy of the moment when our lips met. You may scorn me and lie within your power to discipline me—or defeat me—but I shall not try to obliterate the thrill of that brief moment!"

Jackie Vining did not meet his eyes. In her heart she felt a strange, new feeling of elation, a softening of resentment, but women were theorists long before mathematicians struggled with right-angle triangles and hypotenuses, and all their non-understandable descendants, beautiful and sweet and charming as they are, still persist in being man's hardest problem.

"Your frankness in some things," she said without emotion, "is as commendable as your lack of it in others. Must I repeat my question still another time? Who is the girl?"

The mayor spoke firmly and with decision.

"As a man who is at least that much of a gentleman, I refuse to answer. The girl has done no wrong. She—"

"Mr. Bedright, on Tuesday night I saw one of my crowd of young ladies leave the arbor after a clandestine night meeting with you. Tonight I chance to blunder upon you at midnight, again in the company of a young woman. There are no others here, aside from our party. I feel a responsibility and I must insist on your answering."

The mayor shrugged his shoulders. "Who was she?" asked the "Judge" for the fourth time.

"Why don't you ask her yourself?" said the mayor.

"Where is she?"

"The last I saw of her she went through that door," he replied, doggedly. Miss Vining stepped toward the door and opened it. In the farther end of the boathouse a second door stood open and through it the moonlight streamed.

"I see I have been outwitted," angrily.

"May I walk to the hotel with you?" asked the mayor humbly.

"I prefer to go alone," she replied in a tone of finality, starting up the path.

"Miss Vining!"

It was the mayor calling from the dock.

She stopped.

"What is it, Mr. Bedright?" impatiently.

"You remember saying the girl with me must be one of your party because there were no other young ladies about?"

"Yes," crisply.

The mayor's voice had something of the old ring in it as he asked:

"Did you think of the colored cook?"

But the "Judge," going up the path briskly, did not deign to reply. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Figs and Raisins.

Consul Horton at Smyrna notes that the Reform, a Smyrna newspaper, estimates the raisin crop for this year at about 700,000 quintals (\$7,144,000 pounds) and that of figs about 75,000 camel loads (\$6,082,500 pounds). But from what he has been able to learn it seems that exporters and dealers mostly are trying to keep the crop reports at a low figure in order to be able to begin with high prices, and that if the weather continues favorable the raisin crop will amount approximately to 99,615,000 pounds, against 66,034,000 pounds last year, and the fig crop to 100,000 camel loads as against 120,000 camel loads last year.

GRAND MARSHAL OF THE SUFFRAGIST PAGEANT



Mrs. Richard Coke Burleson is to be grand marshal of the suffragist pageant that will be held in Washington on March 3. She is seen here standing by the horse she will ride, and in evening costume.

CUPID IS GIVEN AID

Miss Winthrop Will Build \$15,000 Trysting Place.

Woman Sees Woes of Street Corner, Cafe and Dance Hall Courtships in Gotham and Becomes a Philanthropist.

New York.—There's no use in denying the fact that young lovers of New York City have a pretty hard time in getting away with it. Anyhow, tender-hearted Miss Gordenia Winthrop of Washington, after five years of forgotten investigation of some of the rather distressing social conditions of the town, says it is so. Forthwith she decided something really ought to be done—hence a rather interesting announcement from Miss Winthrop.

But before launching into Miss Winthrop's solution, let's see just what is this problem of the young lovers of New York. The answer is: "Where are they going to do their courting?" Or, rather, that leads up to the answer, and in the meantime proposes a few questions.

With a few million people trying to occupy the narrow confines of Manhattan Island, it goes without further elaboration that every family cannot place at the disposal of Sal and Jane a parlor each for the entertainment of their young man friends over an evening's call. Moreover, a large percentage of "the other half" in New York City cannot afford a single parlor for the whole family.

So when Freddie makes a "date" with Sal, Sal must make answer to Freddie something to this effect: "All right, Freddie; meetcha at the corner of Hundred and Twenty-fifth and Eighth." Freddie arrives duly, we will say; likewise Sal. Presently the popular street corner under the glaring arc lamps and in full sight of the passing throng becomes as inviting for a continuance of the tryst as Broadway for a rest cure.

There's little in the way of a choice for Freddie and Sal. They might walk a while, yes; but more than love's young dream is necessary to make a lovers' lane out of a New York street. There's the Cafe de Something around the corner. The lights are dim there; nobody is his brother's keeper across that threshold. So we can't approve of Sal and Freddie going there.

They have another choice, and only about one more. It's the noisy dance hall down the avenue. The brassy music mimics sadly the sighing of the evening's breeze of the country lane, which is nature's own trysting place for the village lad and lass; the thick, smoky atmosphere of the dance hall is a poor substitute, surely, for the open sky that falls to the lot of young lovers away from a great city's congestion. No; the dance hall will not do.

For the solution of the problem of the courting couples of New York we may turn gladly to Miss Winthrop's announcement. The fair philanthropist has viewed the problem—viewed from afar, perhaps, but still close enough to see the temptations which mock the lot of the young lovers of the city; to see that love's young dream unfolding in a dance hall or cafe may result in something very different from a storybook ending; to see, finally, that the city is sadly deficient in proper courting places for the young whose homes offer no such accommodations.

Miss Winthrop's proposition is this: She will establish at her own expense of \$15,000 a house, conveniently located for the working class, where the young people may meet under

the supervision of experienced chaperones.

"I have been over every section of this country studying its social evils," Miss Winthrop said, "and I think I have found now what will be a great remedy for the young in this great city."

LOST U. S. WOMAN FOUND

Taken to Hospital in Italy She Explains She Was Overcome by Illness and Had Fainted.

Rome.—Mrs. William Mansfield, the American woman, whose disappearance has caused much anxiety to her friends and occasioned an investigation by the Italian authorities, has been found in Venice, according to a dispatch to the Giornale d'Italia.

Mrs. Mansfield arrived in Venice a fortnight ago and took a room at a boarding house, which she left. The police came upon her lying unconscious in the street and removed her to a hospital. On regaining consciousness the woman said that she had been overcome by illness and had fainted. She remained in the hospital all night and left in the morning.

The police say she told them she belonged to a wealthy New York family, and that the name of her husband, from whom she was separated, was William Mansfield.

Mrs. Mansfield left Salo, on Lake Garda, about two weeks ago after cashing an American check for \$60 at a bank. She said she was going to Verona to buy paint brushes, but there is no trace of her having stayed at any hotel in Verona. Apparently she went direct to Venice.

NAME IS LOST 51 YEARS

Minister's Search for Identity Is Rewarded Through Publication of Small Item.

Springdale, Ark.—Rev. David L. Leonard, erstwhile Rev. David Johnson, "Little Davy" to the few who remember the frightened, bedraggled youngster they sheltered when, one day in 1861 federal artillery capsaed a houseboat at Ozark Landing, on the Arkansas, has come into his own. For the first time in fifty-one years he greeted relatives and learned what he never knew before—his name.

With telegrams in his hand from the families of three brothers and sisters in the south urging him to meet them, the minister sat at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Johnson in Springdale, told his part of the disconnected story, matched data with some of the pioneers and ended by legally renouncing the name David Johnson.

David's parents moved from his birthplace, Knox county, Tenn., two years before the war, to Coop Ridge, near Fort Smith, Ark. When mother and father died, neighbors placed David and four brothers and sisters aboard a houseboat in charge of a slave, and started them for their old home in Tennessee.

Following the capsizing of the boat David disappeared. The other children were taken aboard of a passenger boat at the landing and on to their found by a farmer a few miles from Ozark, sobbing on the river bank. He was 3 years old and his name, he said, was "Davy." Some months later, James Johnson and his family of Greenville, Tex., came through Ozark and adopted the homeless boy.

The Johnsons journeyed to Kansas City, lived there four years, and then

THIEF LEAVES FAKE WHISKY

Burglar Breaks Glass in Saloon to Get Colored Water and Throws Loot Away.

St. Louis.—The crash of breaking glass attracted patrolmen to the saloon of Charles Croick early in the morning. A plate glass in front of the place had been broken. But there was no sign of a burglar.

The police found a bottle in the hallway. It was a quart bottle such as is used to contain whisky. The cork was out and lay nearby. Part of the contents had been spilled. The rest reflected a nice, ruddy glow. Taking it to the saloon, the police asked Croick if it was his.

"Yep; that's all the fellow took, too," was the reply. "It's colored water."

The police imagined the look of disgust on the face of the burglar when he sampled the whisky.

NEW PAPER IN NEW YORK

Gotham Writers on Strike Get It Out—Say It Has Circulation of 100,000.

New York.—A newspaper made its appearance on the streets of this city, and, according to its publishers, enjoyed a first issue circulation of 100,000 copies. It was written and edited by the Jewish newspaper men who are on strike and is four pages, seven columns to a page. Most of its information was about its makers' strike against the Jewish dailies. The strikers themselves became newboys in the streets.

A second issue was promised for later and the writers who walked out demanding more money and shorter hours say it will be published at intervals until the strike ends. They named it the Jewish Press.

went east in the wagon to Tennessee. At Jasper, Marion county, Tenn., David grew up and in 1891 was ordained a Primitive Baptist minister. From the moment he learned to read and write he devoted his spare time to the search of relatives and a name. The Johnsons told him all they knew of his history, but he found names and dates at Ozark forgotten when he sought to learn of his stay there. Two months ago he received a letter from the family of Thomas Leonard of Kropfel, Tex., saying they had recognized in his story, told in an Arkansas paper, the connection with their own family history.

The letter directed him to Mrs. Johnson and when he came to Springdale the identification was made complete.

Mr. Leonard now lives at Elkmount, Ala., is married and has eleven grown children.

BANDITS' FALSE COW FEET

Imitation Hoofs Worn by California Robbers to Delude Pursuers—Are Found in Cache.

Long Beach, Cal.—What is believed to have been a safe blowers' cache, discovered at the edge of a swamp near here, yielded several ingenious contrivances apparently intended to divert pursuit after the commission of a crime. They were a pair of imitation horse hoofs carved out of pine and fitted with straps so that they could be adjusted to a pair of shoes; an imitation cow's hoof fastened to a cane evidently was intended to be used in conjunction with the others to give the impression of a man on horseback driving a cow.